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prejudices, always pass for proofs, believed this preposterous charge; and, with renewed ferocity, falling upon the remnant, whom they had resolved to spare, massacred them all. Calvo then led them to the houses of the French, in search of those who had remained at home, when the greater number took shelter in the citadel; these also were dragged from their hiding-places, and in the same deliberate manner confessed and butchered.

PEACE PRINCIPLE IN CONTRAST.—One circumstance alone occurred, which may relieve the horror of this dreadful narrative. M. Pierre Bergiere had acquired a large fortune in Valencia, and was remarkable for his singular charity. It was not enough for him to assist the poor, and the sick, and the prisoner, with continued alms; he visited them, and ministered to their wants himself, in the sick room and in the dungeon. Yet his well-known virtues did not exempt him from the general proscription of his countrymen, and he, too, having been confessed and absolved, was thrust out to the murderers. The wretch, who was about to strike him, was one whom he had frequently relieved in prison, and upon recognizing him withheld his arm; calling, however, to mind that Bergiere was a Frenchman, he raised it again; but his heart again smote him, and saying, “art thou a devil or a saint that I cannot kill thee?” he pulled him through the crowd, and made way for his escape.

NATURE AND POWER OF THE PEACE PRINCIPLE.—No. 3.

THE SLAVE AND THE ENSLAYER.

Every one has read of the slave-trade; but none can fully conceive its atrocities and horrors either in the middle passage across the Atlantic, or on the coast of Africa. The chief business of its petty tribes, it sends terror far into the interior, and keeps its inhabitants in ceaseless anxiety or alarm. They hunt each other as they would birds or beasts. There is no security day or night for young or old, male or female, low or high. The husband with his wife, the mother with her babe, the prince with his followers, are seized without distinction or mercy, and sold for a song into hopeless bondage on a distant, unknown continent. For a little rum, or tobacco, or a few dazzling but worthless trinkets, they wage almost incessant war to obtain victims for the slave-market. They prowl by night, lurk in ambush by day, and often set fire to whole villages in the hope of seizing the terrified fugitives.

To such means of deception and violence, Ameer fell a prey in early life. The oldest son of a petty prince in Africa, he was the hope of his father and the idol of his mother; but the destroyer came, and in one hour dashed their fondest hopes. The chief of a neighboring tribe surrounded them by night, fired their village, and, by the light of its flames, either hewed down its panic-stricken dwellers, or seized and bound them for the slave-market. Ameer, waked by the yells of the invaders, saw his father, while in the act of a determined resistance, pierced through the heart by Karmuk, their leader, and his mother, with all her children, manacled, and driven away to the dealers in human flesh.

Ameer was only twelve years old at the time; but the scene and the man were too deeply imprinted on his memory, ever to be forgotten. He survived the hardships of his passage across the broad waters, and became a slave in the West Indies; but no lapse of years could efface or dim the recollection of that fatal night. Its scenes of fire and blood remained as fresh and vivid as the events of yesterday. He became at length a Christian; but keenly did he still feel his wrongs, and dwell in sad yet fond remembrance on the days of his childhood before the destroyer came. That destroyer he had learned in the school of Christ to forgive; but he could never forget the injuries he had done, nor banish his image from his mind.

Years rolled on; and Ameer, capable and faithful, rose so high in his

master's confidence, that he was at last promoted to a station of some consequence in the management of his estate, and occasionally employed in purchasing other slaves. On one such occasion, being sent to buy twenty newly imported slaves, and instructed to choose only the strongest and best, he began his selection from the crew, but had not long surveyed the motley gang before he fixed his eye intently upon an old decrepit African, and told his master that *he* must be one of the twenty. His master, greatly surprised at the choice, remonstrated against it; but the poor fellow begged so hard, that the slave-dealer said, if they purchased twenty, he would give them the old man.

The purchase was made, and the slaves carried to the plantation; but upon none did Ameer bestow half the attention and kindness that he did upon the poor old African. He took him to his own habitation, and laid him on his own bed; he fed him from his own table, and gave him drink out of his own cup; when cold, he carried him into the sunshine, and when hot, he placed him under the shade of the cocoa-nut tree. He ministered to him as a dutiful, affectionate son to an aged father, and nursed him as a tender, devoted mother would a sickly child. Thus did Ameer requite the murderer of his father, and the enslaver of his whole family; nor did poor Karmuk, in the sad reverse of his fortunes, know from whose hands he was receiving all this kindness.

Such strange assiduities to a poor, gray-haired, worthless slave could not long escape his master's notice; and one day he asked Ameer what it could mean. "Why do you take so much interest in that old man? There must be some special reason. He's a relative of yours?—perhaps a father?"—"No, massa; he no my fader."—"Then he's an older brother?"—"No, massa; he no my broder."—"Then he's an uncle, or some other near relation?"—"No, massa; he no be of my kindred at all; he no be even my friend."—"No friend even!" exclaimed the master, in surprise. "Why then do you take so much interest in the useless old fellow?"—"Because, massa, he my *enemy*, my *worst* enemy; he killed my fader, he sold me, my moder and all her children, to the slave-dealer; and my Bible tell me, when my enemy hunger, feed him, and when he thirst, give him drink."

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS ON PEACE.

BY MRS. LYDIA M. CHILD.

This accomplished authoress, whose lively and exquisite pen is ever devoted to the cause of human weal, has been adding to those beautiful letters from New York which were collected, a short time ago, into a volume; and from a recent one to the Boston Courier, we copy some extracts on peace.

"To-day is Christmas. From east to west, from north to south, men chant hymns of praise to the despised Nazarene, and kneel in worship before his cross. How beautiful is this universal homage to the principle of love!—that feminine principle of the universe, the inmost centre of Christianity. It is the divine idea which distinguishes it from all other religions, and yet the idea in which Christian nations evince so little faith, that one would think they kept, *only* to swear by, that gospel which says, 'Swear not at all.'

"Centuries have passed, and through infinite conflict have 'nsured in our brief to-day;' and is there peace and good-will among men? Sincere faith in the words of Jesus would soon fulfil the prophecy which angels sung. But the world persists in saying, 'this doctrine of unqualified forgiveness and perfect love, though beautiful and holy, cannot be carried into practice *now*; men are not yet prepared for it.' The same spirit says,